THE HAND OF THE UNKNOWN

Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

James Alton, a young man brought up in the lowest quarier of New York, but of education and ine instincts, leaves the city after an altercation with his brutal father. Eefore taking his train he finds a handbag which has bren dropped by a young woman sitting near him, Mrs. Grace Gordon, at the moment a telegram was handed to her. Unable to return the bag, Alton boards his train, and during the night the bag is stolen from him, but subsequently recovered. Arrived at his destination, Chanton, a country town, Alton seeks to return the bag to Mrs. Gordon, who happens to live there, but in so doing encounters Frank Black, an important personage, in love with Grace. Black accempanies Jim to her home, where, to the amazement of all, the girl rushes to Alton and throws her arms about his neck, calling him "Jim!" It develops that Grace has been made insane by news contained in the telegram that her brother and baby have bren burned to death in the fire which nearly destroyed Chanton, and, seeing Jim, the last person she had noticed before her mind became deranged, she takes him for her brother, who she believes can restore her child. Old Dr. Jordan says that Jim must pose to the world as a distant relative, but humor Grace in her belief that he is her brother. She fiuds in the big Jim restored to her the chain wen by her baby, which inspires the hope that the baby may not be dead after all. Jim captures a gypsy on the porch and has him jailed. Grace is not happy with Jim away from her, and the doctor now sees that a new arrangement must be made. Telling Grace that Jim is not really her brother, but was adopted years before by her parents, he asks Jim if he has the strength to marry her, so that he can be with her constantly in the search for the baby, and yet treat the marriage as a mere form. Grace says it is no sister's love she bears him.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHAT THE GYPSY KNEW. T WAS late in the afternoon when Mrs. Graham, Dr. Jordan, Grace, and Jim met again in the great library of the Gordon house.

"He ought to be here any moment then now, Jim," said the old man. Then turning to the girl, "Are you happy, "Y

"Happier than at any time since baby went away, Dr. Jordan," she replied would have thought that tears were quietly, "and surer that he will soon there.

Then it was very quiet in the room and at last came the gentle ringing of

Mrs. Graham left the library to answer the summons, and in a few mo-ments returned, accompanied by an old man whose long beard matched the spotless surplice he wore.
"Grace, my little child," said the min-

ister softly, going up to the girl. 'Oh, Dr. Rich," she exclaimed, giving him her hands, "I'm happier than I

have been in a long time." "And you, young man," the clergyman went on, turning to Alton, "you should be humbly thankful, sir," 'And shall be to my dying day." was

Jim's quiet answer. Then very quickly and solemnly the old man made these two one while Doctor Jordan and Mrs. Graham

watched and prayed. It was over, and Jim and his bride were alone again in the great room. "It's forever," murmured the girl.

"Pray God-forever," responded Jim A little while they were silent in each other's arms, then there came to Alton the realization that the deeds to be acnplished would remain undone were he to give way to the desires of his heart to remain quietly here with his "I must go, Grace," he said, "and

see the gypsy in jail. You remember "But, Grace, hadn't I better go

"Jim, you can tell me to stay here, of course," she replied, "but you know, dear; I want to be with you, all, he says,"

And so together they walked, a few the essence of his creed. mements later, down the street leading from their home, in the direction of the jail. The sheriff was seated Grace?" Jim whispered to the girl. on the front steps, and from within came the voice of one of his contented you do of it, Jim? We'll be together, and well-cared-for "guests," disclos- won't we?" ing his frame of mind in an old Irish

song.
"Good day, sheriff," said Grace brightly. "We want to see the gypsy

Honored by her call, but casting a dubious look at Jim, the sheriff rose hastily. "But, Miss Grace," he began hesi-

tatingly. "Sheriff, you have known me a long

time, haven't you? Ever since I was a little girl. Didn't you know father?"
"Yes, yes, Miss Grace," replied Sher-"Yes, yes, Miss Grace, replied Sharper said the girl as Jim and she started down the path toward the street.

"You see, Grace," explained Jim, "we "You see, Grace," explained Jim, "we come with a small pop-corn stand backed by the old banker whose daughter now stood before him. "Yes, never do. Strange as it may seem, "Wildered and work velopment was constitution of the constitution of th knew him, and and he was purty good to me.

want to ask his prisoner about— the places about Manhattan Island about my baby—and I think I can get where it is not yet built up, and where more out of him than any one else."

There was no resisting her eyes, and Sheriff Bill was human.

The places about Manhattan Island where it is not yet built up, and where the gypsies camp, the most romantic seated in his comfortable buggy, started out on their long drive to the home of "All right-all right, come with

So into the giant's cell they were shown, and behind them the sheriff locked the door. "I've seen your woman," began Jim

'Ungh," replied the man, considerably in awe of a slight young fellow who could deliver as forcible a blow as he recalled having received from Alton the night of the veranda affair. "You know where baby is," con-

tinued Jim. , no. No English."

By ROBERT RUSSELL

"Is this Dr. Jordan?" he said after

'I'll see who it is," he said rising.

"it is my turn to propose starting plans. And may mine prove as wise as yours."

his side till he had finished.

"On love."

wouldn't it?"

"You dared trust me. doctor."

"And don't you see, doctor, so am I.

"You've hit it, my boy; you're right."

"Yes, but I was relying on-

they absolutely trustworthy?"

away with me, Grace."

gether, you know.

"Doctor Jordan-why-

"We all thought you had worries enough," said Mrs. Graham. "I've known of her illness, but," how be-wildered and wondering what new de-

velopment was coming. "I didn't know

"Oh, doctor, I'll go at once with you!"

Then to Jim: "You won't mind, dear,

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vousness, that tired feeling, loss of

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you go into the house'

isten to me. We'll get the sheriff-the been taken, seemed resolved to believe Jane Biglow. Good had already combig man—to put handcuffs on you and have you take us right where they are keeping baby."

that nothing but good would come of it. from Alten's plan, for the deathbed of Grace and her aunt hal entered the library, where the girl seated herself at

The terror of the man was pitiable to the plane, when Jim went quietly to the whom she had bestowed a mother's ee in a frame so great. "No understand, no understand. King

"Do you mean that your king would kill you if you took the policeman

The ignorant fellow could not keep the answering "yes" from his eyes. "And perhaps would hurt your woman

and babies?" Again the man's eyes flashed their answer. "But if you could get out of here

and go where your woman is, you could take me-us-to the baby?" "No, no," and the fear was there once more.

"Let me speak to him, Jim," Grace quietly. Then turning to the gypsy, "Listen. We don't want to hurt you—all we want is to get the bay back—just as you would want to get back one of your own little ones if he should be taken from you. And you would want to do that, wouldn't you?"
"Oh, mees!" The emotional nature of

the man spoke under the influence of her soft words. "Well, if we get you out, so that you can go back to them and take care of them, will you lead us where my baby

His eyes grew large and had he not been a prisoner in confinement one

"Yes," and no one could doubt the mother in the word, "yes, he's my

"But me no take!" shaking his head decidedly. "King kill."
"Grace," suddenly cried Jim, "would you go anywhere with me under any disguise and risk anything? Do you

love and trust me enough for that?" "Jim!" The reproof of her voice humbled him. "Why, dear, do you ask me such a question?"

"Then I have a way. Gypsy John, or whatever your name is, when you travel around the country, don't you almost die—all of them—for her." sometimes join other gypsies?" But the man did not seem to under-

"Your wagon alone. Then come another? Get together? Go on together?' A violent nod showed he comprehended.

"You get free," conunued Jim rapidly. "Wait where your woman is now. We, she and I, come along, in gypsy wagon, just like yours. Then we all You lead straight to where baby is. King there, is he?"
Another nod, hesitatingly.

the old man, "doctor, one of your pa-tients is extremely ill tonight-one who "You say to king that you have delivered—given message. Who are we? lives a long way off—and wants Grace by her."

Bun away with him. You no help, un
derstand?"

"By hookey, Jim, you're a wonder—

lerstand?" and-of course. Old Jane, Grace's nurse, is dangerously iil. How long will you of the rescue with excitement. He saw want me to keep her away?" freedom from the prison, and what "As long as you can-all night, to freedom from the prison, and what treachery to those two young people who seemed able to give it to him he planned, perhaps came as an after
"All right, Jim, I can do it," said the thought.

It was enough for him that immediate wonder if you know what chances you and I think that it is better if I hear sight of the sunlight he loved would are taking?" be him. Sufficient unto the day was The music from the library had con-

"Yes, yes, I do," he whispered at last, it ceased and an eager girl left her "And you are not afraid of my plan, place to come to Jim's side. "Do I think more of my safety than

"Gypsy John, you see us tomorrow. We come back and get you. Then we start. But you say no word, tell no

"No tell, no tell. You come." "Yes, we'll come. Good-by." They knocked on the door of the cell, They knocked on the door of the cell, has called for you. She wants you by and the sheriff, wondering what the her—and remember the years of her life

big prisoner could have told them, came mmediately. "Find out anything?" he asked.

"A little," replied Jim. "Good-by, sheriff, and thank you, said the girl as Jim and she started

these gypsy tribes have the greatest fear of their leader. It sounds like the "Then perhaps you'll trust me. We middle ages, but I know that even in which only two young lovers would undertake, but I think I can make it safe."
"He would go to jail for a great many years, Jim," said the girl, "before he would lead the officers to their hiding

"Yes, dear, but he'll lead us."
"To baby?"
"To baby."

CHAPTER XXXI. AN ABDUCTION AND A REBUFF. THEIR first dinner together as man and wife had been a happy one,

Grace insisting that Jim preside at the head of the table, while she sat opposite. "Oh, yes, you do understand. Now Mrs. Graham, now that the step had

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his ring had been answered. "Yes? out of sight before Jim, placing the Then will you come right up and stop note Dr. Jordan had given him in his on the porch. I want to see you before pocket and telling Mrs. Graham not Jim then went into the peaceful li- saddled the little horse. brary and the moments which passed On his way past the house he cau-before he heard a step on the veranda tioned Mrs. Graham that if he should were impatient but happy ones for him. not have returned by the time Grace came back, she was to say that the He returned in a moment. "It's Dr. sheriff had telephoned from the jail Jordan," he reported. "He wants to that the gypsy wanted to see him at talk to me about a business matter. once, but not to let the girl out of I'll be right out there on the porch if her sight. Jim was confident, howyou want me, Grace. Keep on with ever, that as the doctor had to travel your playing. I like to hear it."

The doctor's rig was no more than

"Now, doctor," he began, when they spend some time by the side of her were seated in the gathering darkness, old nurse, he would be able to be safe at home before she got back. Then he started his horse over the he recounted the afternoon's road he had traveled twice before

visit to the gypsy, and the scheme he with Grace at his side, had formed for finding Grace's child. It took him about an It took him about an hour to reach "Preposterous!" cried the old man, a small grove of maple trees which he "The gypsy would only sneak away from emembered was near a certain bend you if he did nothing worse. I'm sur- in the road at the summit of a hill. Here he pulled his horse down to a walk, then stopped and listened.

"But you have not heard everything yet, doctor. Listen." The sound from last fall's leaves A quarter of an hour Jim talked, and stirred on the ground by some tiny was an appalled old man who sat by Softly he spoke to the horse and lowly he started ahead again.

'And you dare, Jim?" he said then. Then suddenly to him, watching for it, came the sight of a small blaze by the roadside. Next the canvasovered gypsy wagon, a dim white all about it." "You see," Jim continued, playing his in the night.

last card, "even if we are unsuccessful led her to an open place among the trees, carefully brushing away the in finding the child, the change in her manner of living, the new scenes, and dead leaves that no sound might come all that, would be the best sort of from the animal's feet. To a branch for Grace's mind; now e fastened the bridle, listening each

This accomplished, he began his stealthy journey toward the wagon. lonely farm of whom you told me-are There were no small children playing about, but the figure of the wom "For two generations they have work an at last appeared in the glow of the fire. She moved down the road a bit, and Jim almost lost sight of her, but "And you'll give me & note to them then again she was back. now, and go out there every few days?" A little further he advanced, and now

"It's a long, hard trip, Jim, but I can manage it."

"And now," said Jim, "as to arranging for me to get away tonight. I can't leave Grace, you know."

"But you've got to, Jim. You can't take her."

"No, but she can leave me."

"Likely, isn't it, boy?"

"Doctor," and Jim smiled at the way in which he was turning the tables on

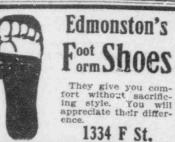


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From inside came the regular breath ing of small humanity. Quickly lit a match and parted the rear flap of the wagon. The three children were there, and quickly Jim picked out the infant whose cries of pain had so affected the gypsy woman.

Into his arm she gathered the mife, and again sought the cover of the "Lucky for me the horses strayed

away and she had to go after them,' Quickly he unfastened his own ani mal, and was once more on her back. the infant, still sleeping, pressed close to his body.

Over strange roads he now trotted

Perhaps ten miles had been covered along a winding, hilly way, when there loomed before the young abductor the ruins of a great wooden building. "Here I am-or nearly," he thought, as he once more brought his horse to

Then a careful search of the roadside was begun, and at last he found that for which he was looking.

Into a road almost completely over grown with weeds Jim turned. It was too rough for rapid going, an dhe feared to risk his horse's legs, now wearied by the long trip.

But his destination was near, and in a few moments Alton was holding his bridle before the door of a little house built many years ago, evidently, among a grove of great trees. His summons at the door was at last answered, and an old man, back bent almost double, asked in a faltering voice what he wanted what he wanted.

"I'm Grace Gordon's husband," said Jim; "if you'll let me in I'll tell you The door was banged violently in his

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Edi-tion of The Times.

lock.

DEATH ENDS CAREER

Dean of American Cartoonists Succumbs to Attack of Heart Disease.

CAMDEN, S. C., May 22.-Arrange ments were made today for the funeral of Charles Green Bush, the noted caroonist, who died here last night, following an attack of heart trouble. For years he has been the acknewledged dean of American cartochists, and his work has been copied all over the world.

He was born in Boston, in 1842, and at the age of eighteen was appointed cadet "If this little chap wasn't going to have the time of his life for a little while," he thought, "I'd for

Upon his returned he at once took his place as the foremost political car-toonist of the country, and until his retirement a few years ago, wielded a powerful influence with his pen pic

He was the creator of Father Knickerocker as representing New York city; t was Bush who first gave David B. Hill his little high hat with its "I am a Democrat" plume, and his strenuous "Roosevelt in Khari" has been the model for such efforts on the part of all cartoonists. The former President has among his possessions in his library a cherished collection of the Bush carteense.

Bush was, to those who knew him best, a delightful many-sided gentei-man. He took most pleasure from his church work in Dr. Parkhurst's church,

DOG RUNS TO DEATH.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., May 22.-The body of Henry Savidge's valuable fox-hound, which had chased a fox for three days, and then died of exhausface, and a key turned in the rusty tion, after killing the fox, was found on Nescopeck mountain today. Its baying was heard for three days, and then ceased. One paw rested upon the body of the fox.

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